

Lincoln Lives

Margaret J. O'Connell



LINCOLN LIVES

by

MARGARET J. O'CONNELL

Few Americans have so captured and held the imaginations of the people as the simple, sincere, direct-spoken man who became the sixteenth President of the United States. In this charmingly informal book, a student of Lincoln shares with you her journeyings through many states of the Union in quest of Lincoln lore, all noted in a fact-filled journal in whose spirited pages Lincoln again lives.

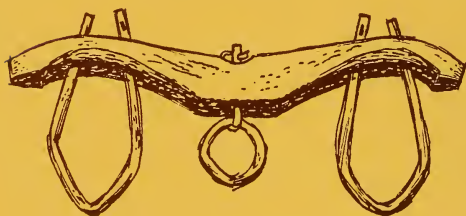
The author takes you to Hingham and to North Scituate, Massachusetts; to Indiana, Kentucky, Virginia, Illinois, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, New York, Washington, D.C.; to any number of places related in one way or another to the Great Emancipator's life. She visits the places where his ancestors lived, recalling, as she travels, little-known facts and sidelights that bring the man, Lincoln, into new, striking relief.

Whether she pictures Lincoln as he delivered the Gettysburg Address—which she saw re-enacted at a great pageant on the scene; Lincoln under fire at Fort Stevens, near the Capital, during

(Continued on back flap)



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Lincoln

Lives

M A R G A R E T J . O ' C O N N E L L

Lincoln

Lives



NEW YORK
V A N T A G E P R E S S

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FIRST EDITION

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Lincoln Room

TO ALL LINCOLN LOVERS

PREFACE

It is claimed that more material has been written concerning Abraham Lincoln than about any other American, and there appears to be no cessation in the flow of words that continue to be printed about this man of humble origin. This is in spite of the fact that more than ninety years have elapsed since the death of the man who seemingly failed in so many of his endeavors. How often the Lincoln name appears, how many places there are to be visited that were closely associated with him, how frequently an unexpected incident proves some point about the Lincoln legend—all are reminders that *Lincoln Lives*. The following pages are leaves from the journal of a Lincoln lover.

The author wishes to express appreciation of the many courtesies received during the preparation of this volume—to the owners of the Lincoln ancestral home in Pennsylvania, and of Farmington; to the United States Park Service, which has jurisdiction over the Petersen House; to the Philadelphia *Inquirer*; and to the many others whose co-operation so facilitated and enriched the search for authentic Lincoln data.

1952

June 26

Arrived in Springfield, Illinois. Everyone on the Midwest tour from Trenton State Teachers College had been informed repeatedly on the trip from New Jersey how important the Springfield stop would be. All were prepared to tolerate my enthusiasm. Dr. Botts, conductor of the field trip, gallantly stepped aside so that I might be the first of the trippers to step on the soil of this great town.

June 27

Sat in the yard of the motel early this morning while I reported on the area. Then went to the Lincoln home on Eighth Street, the only one he ever owned. The Lincolns bought the house in 1844. Twelve years later, the full second story was added. According to some, the renovation was made during one of Lincoln's absences. When he returned from the circuit, he found that his wife had literally "raised the roof."

What a bombshell it was to be informed that no interior pictures would be permitted! Fay and I just stood numbly clutching all the camera equipment while the rest of the group toured the house. The custodian noticed us standing listlessly in the hall and came to chat with us. Miss Virginia Stuart Brown has been custodian of the Lincoln Home since 1924. She is the great-granddaughter of John Todd Stuart, Lincoln's first law partner. Her sympathetic understanding of our disappointment prompted her to make a telephone call to learn where we could obtain a permit. With her directions still ringing in our ears, we raced off in spite of the temperature, which already registered 106 degrees. After many blocks taken first on the run, then slackening to a peculiar

gait best described as a running walk, we puffed into the office of the armory. From there we were sent to the State Capitol. This, we found, is situated on an elevated site overlooking Springfield. Unfortunately, we could not give the structure sufficient inspection because the entire time allotment for the Lincoln home was only an hour, and we still had much ground to cover. After we had received the letter of permission, good fortune smiled on us again, for we spied our bus whose loudspeaker had been undergoing repairs. The world's speed record for short-distance running must have been broken during that dash, for a ride back to Eighth Street seemed most alluring. We collapsed into "Old Bessie" exhausted, close to heatstroke, but happy. What a time "clicking and clacking" as we tried to capture on film the atmosphere of the home most intimately associated with the life of Lincoln.

The ride to the restored village of New Salem was spent trying to revamp our physical forces, for I was certain that this would be one of the high spots of the trip. Lincoln lived in New Salem from 1831 to 1837. He arrived at the little village an aimless youth of twenty-two. He left it a self-educated man with an ambition to make his life worth while and with a compassionate understanding of the common man. New Salem, a typical American pioneer village, having fulfilled its destiny sank into oblivion, and by 1840 it ceased to exist.

After intensive research and planning, the actual restoration of New Salem was begun in 1932. Many technical problems were encountered. Since the logs could not be painted, they were treated with zinc chloride to prevent insect damage and decay. Between the logs a mixture of lime mortar or mud and hair had been used by the pioneers, but this was not sufficiently wear-resistant to last over a long period of time. So a type of plaster that would have the same appearance had to be devised. This problem was solved by mixing cement with hair and then coloring the mixture to resemble mud. The bricks used in the restored buildings were made of clay

taken from a nearby pit. Many of the pieces of furniture were contributed by descendants of the pioneer settlers.

The cabins, the Onstot cooper shop, which was rebuilt with the original logs on the original site, the ash hopper in which lye for soap-making was leached from wood ashes, the Lincoln-Berry store, the Conestoga wagon, the Rutledge tavern, and the letter boxes used by the young postmaster all combine to give the visitor an overwhelming feeling of a personal relationship with the unforgettable past.

In the early 1800's, many pioneer homes had wooden latches. A string was tied to the latch and passed through a hole to the outside to permit the opening of the door. In time of danger the latchstring was kept inside, but if friends were about, "the latchstring was always out." Today New Salem has its latchstring out for those who would step over the threshold of the past and briefly "live" in Lincoln's time.

Went to the Oak Ridge Cemetery where stands the Lincoln Tomb containing the bodies of the President, his wife, and three of their children. This cemetery was selected because Lincoln had once remarked upon the beauty of the area. The tomb is considered by many to be one of the most artistic in marble and bronze in the world. The statuettes in the corridor depict various phases in the life of the man who was elected to the highest office in the United States. The simplicity and beauty of the sarcophagus chamber fill one with awe. The sarcophagus is simply inscribed "Abraham Lincoln 1809-1865." Nearby are the flags of the states of Massachusetts, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Virginia, Kentucky, Indiana, and Illinois, where generations of the Lincoln family lived. The seven banners seem to be standing guard like sentinels.

Tonight attended a performance of the New Salem pageant, given in a natural outdoor amphitheater. Lincoln was portrayed by a young lawyer of Springfield who bears a striking resemblance to the man whose role he enacted so well. The entire production was most realistic and stirring. Every-

one was visibly affected, and almost complete silence reigned in the bus during the return trip to Springfield. So ended a perfect "Lincoln" day.

June 28

Toured Chicago in a hired bus. The driver became so interested in my Lincoln quest that he altered his route in order that we might pass one of the houses in which Robert Todd Lincoln had lived.

July 2

Visited Greenfield Village in Dearborn, Michigan. The fact that we were hot and tired was soon forgotten when we came upon the Logan County Courthouse, which was moved from Lincoln, Illinois. As a young man, Abraham Lincoln occasionally practiced law in this building.

Here, too, are displayed some of the rails that Lincoln split, a corner chest that Abraham helped his father build, and a wardrobe of extra height built to accommodate the clothes of the tall man. Enclosed in glass is the chair in which the President was seated in Ford's Theater on the night of his assassination.

September 15

It is certainly strange how many people have a contribution to make to this Lincoln study. Several years ago, a lady in town heard of my interest and lent me a picture of the Lincoln funeral train and its crew. Her grandfather was the engineer from Washington to Jersey City.

Now another elderly resident is to lend me a 1927 news-

paper article relating the death of Almerrin E. Arnold, who was a member of Lincoln's bodyguard. Mr. Arnold was this woman's grandfather. As a youth of nineteen, Arnold enlisted in the Union Army. He was badly wounded in the battle of Chancellorsville. So great was the need for men that despite the fact that he was crippled, he was assigned, following his recovery, to light guard duty. Eventually the officials, noting his unusually fine physique, selected him as a member of the Presidential bodyguard.

Although not on duty that night of April fourteenth, Arnold was in the audience at Ford's Theater and witnessed the assassination. He immediately went on duty, guarding the Petersen house. Later he was one of the guards while the body of the President lay in state. He obtained a piece of the crepe which was used to drape the casket, and his grand-daughter has given me permission to photograph it.

October 18

Left home about 6 A.M. for Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, to witness the re-enactment of Lincoln's arrival and stay in the little village which had witnessed one of the fiercest battles of the Civil War and which was to be the scene of one of the most famous speeches in history. Today's portrayal, I believe, is the first in which the event was re-enacted in its entirety and in all its authentic details. The Western Maryland Railway Company, which operates the rail line on which the war President entered Gettysburg, sponsored the event. As we approached on the Lincoln Highway, we saw the train standing within a mile or two of the town. Quickly we piled out of the car and scrambled up the embankment to see the train which was to play such an important part in the day's pageant. The train, displaying two white flags to indicate that it was a special, certainly should have been flattered by the numerous pictures that were taken of it. We were fortunate enough to be

permitted inside, and it was easy to visualize Lincoln and his companions trying to get themselves into comfortable positions during the long ride from Washington. Although the seats are of attractive red plush, it is a bit of a shock to sit down, since the luxurious springs and soft cushions of the present were not part of the trains of the 1860's. In each car was listed the order in which the dignitaries were to descend from the train.

We then drove into town and parked the car. Following a lunch eaten in considerable haste, we tried to make our way to the railroad station where the train would arrive. It was impossible to get through the crowds, so we went back to the town square. There we established ourselves on the curbstone, congratulating each other on our foresight in selecting such a vantage point. Our elation was short-lived, for hordes of others soon took up positions in front of us, and we abruptly ceased to be row number one.

The Lincoln party descended from the train and walked to the Wills house. It was David Wills who had suggested that a part of the Gettysburg battlefield be dedicated as a national cemetery. The establishment of this cemetery set it aside as the first burial ground in the nation for the interment of soldiers exclusively. It was to the Wills house that President Lincoln came that November day in 1863. He not only honored the Gettysburg lawyer by accepting his hospitality for the night, but, it is said, he completed the famous address in this house. The Wills house, like others in the village, had undergone a temporary face lifting. The transformation of the buildings and the costuming of many of the crowd seemed to turn time back to 1863.

Trudged out to the cemetery. Loaded down with cameras, sweltering from the unseasonable heat, and footsore, we were certain the distance was greater than a mile. Because of the crowds, we walked part of the way in the street, but I am sure no one mistook us three weary ones for part of the procession.

Spectators and participants arrived at the dedicatory area on foot, by carriage, and on horseback, just as they had on that day many years ago. At the cemetery, the speakers' platform had been duplicated. The procession, including members of the cavalry, the Army of the Potomac, and the Presidential guard, entered the main gate. The guard and Lincoln (enacted by Ray Middleton) reined their horses aside, permitting the others to precede them. "Lincoln" was the last to move, and as he sat astride his horse under a tree, I had an excellent opportunity to take pictures. He moved on, and people applauded spontaneously. He acknowledged the applause by bowing his head in a gesture of great humility so like what might have been the reaction of the war President. The delivery of the Gettysburg Address was excellent. According to records, it is believed that the crowd numbered about fifteen thousand in 1863. In 1952 it was estimated at one hundred and twenty-five thousand.

1953

January 13

Received an answer to my inquiry addressed to Cornell University concerning the copy of the Gettysburg Address now in the Cornell library. This copy was written by Lincoln at the request of the historian, George Bancroft, who offered it for sale at a fair. The event was conducted by the Sanitary Commission (civilian agency concerned with the welfare, comfort, and health of the Union Army) to raise funds for the benefit of Union soldiers and the families of deceased veterans. As the document was not sold, Bancroft obtained permission from the President to keep it, and it remained in the family until 1929. Written on a folded letter sheet bearing the heading of the Executive Mansion, it was enclosed with a brief note to Mr. Bancroft.

Five copies of the immortal address were penned by Lincoln. He prepared two for use at Gettysburg. These are now in the Library of Congress. He later wrote three others for sale at Sanitary Commission fairs. One of these is the copy at Cornell; one is treasured by the Illinois State Historical Society; and the third is owned by a man in Cuba.

February 14

Went to home of Mrs. Dexter Ashley in Princeton. I had written asking permission to photograph a sofa she owns. It was in the White House during the Lincoln administration. The sofa is almost green now, but Mrs. Ashley showed me a piece of the upholstery not so faded which indicated that it was once a beautiful shade of blue.

The sofa, with other furniture, was sold at public auction

on the lawn of the White House after Lincoln's death. Daniel Thompson, a housemaster at Lawrenceville School for Boys, later gave the sofa to Cuyler Van Dyck, a colleague, the father of Mrs. Ashley. The proud owner of this historic piece was most generous in showing me her treasure.

An article in the *Trenton Times* tonight dealt with the visit of President-elect Lincoln on his way to be inaugurated. He stayed a few hours in the Trenton House, in Room 100, on February 21, 1861. This is the hotel where Mother and Dad were during their honeymoon. Mother thinks it is possible that it was in this room, since the description of it fits her memories. What an interesting idea to track down!

Lincoln spoke to the crowds on Warren Street and also to both houses of the Legislature. Not many people know these Trenton speeches, but they helped to strengthen public opinion in favor of the Union. In his usual simple manner, this man, who was about to assume the leadership of a nation soon to be torn asunder by civil war, reminded the people of the liberty which had been won and of the possible trouble ahead. He summarized his thinking about the state of the nation by declaring that the man did not live who was more devoted to peace than he, that none would do more to preserve it, but that it might be necessary to put the foot down firmly.

New Jersey wrote another page (one a bit on the ironic side) about the Lincolns. On his way to Washington for a vacation from Harvard, the President's son Robert joined other passengers on a platform in the Jersey City railroad station to get sleeping-car reservations from the conductor. Somehow in the crowd, he was pushed up against the train, and fell into the narrow space between the car and the platform. The train started to move. Robert was helpless. Suddenly a hand seized his collar, and he was snatched from possible death. He looked into the face of his rescuer. It was Edwin Booth, brother of John Wilkes Booth!

February 21

It is strange how often something comes up about my favorite topic. Today, while I was in buying photographic supplies, Ed Bates, who knows of my interest in anything or anyone connected with Lincoln, gave me several transparencies of Dr. William A. Newell. This Dr. Newell, a brother of Ed's great-grandfather, served in Congress with Lincoln. Ed said that family tradition has it that Newell prescribed for the Lincoln family.

April 8

Arose at 6 A.M., for the real purposes of our spring vacation trek to Virginia were to be fulfilled during this "Lincoln" day.

Drove to the Lincoln ancestral homestead, which is located about three miles from Edom. Here, on Linville Creek in Rockingham County, John Lincoln obtained six hundred acres of land in 1768. One of his five sons was Abraham, whose grandson, another Abraham, would become President of the United States.

We were surprised at the size of the Lincoln home. The present owner responded to our enthusiasm by telling us a great deal about the property and showing us the interior of the house. She said that the rear wing, built by "Virginia John," was the original section. His son Jacob built the front part, but it was not until years later that the two were connected. Jacob's son Abraham (the President's cousin) lived here until his death in 1854. For twenty years, Abraham's widow, known in the vicinity as "Aunt Polly," lived in the old homestead. With her death it ceased to be Lincoln property—after serving as the Lincoln homestead from 1768 to 1874. More than a hundred years of residence by Lincolns on its soil gives Virginia a claim to the Lincoln story. A study of the

migrations of the Lincolns shows how the clan moved westward. For several generations, the head of the family was born in one state, was married in another, and died in a third.

With reluctance, we left our hostess and a house which is sought out by Lincoln students. Harriet and I, weighed down by camera equipment, oblivious of distance and spring mud, trudged off for the Lincoln family cemetery. Edna, aware that spike heels were not built for such endeavors, elected to remain in the car. We found the graves of Abraham Lincoln's ancestors and the last Lincoln slaves (Uncle Ned and his wife Queen) in the little cemetery on the hillside. This beautiful spot in the rolling hills, surrounded by flocks of peacefully grazing sheep, seemed symbolic of the lonely, rustic life of the descendant of this emigrant stock.

Walked over the crest of the hill to get another view of the homestead. Our long absence brought Edna, in spite of heels and mud, to see if we had joined the cemetery residents.

For many months my desire to visit Appomattox has been known. In fact it has been so verbal in expression that it has been referred to as one of *the* pet projects, so to the Appomattox Court House National Historical Park we ventured this afternoon. The federally owned park comprises more than nine hundred acres, including the old village and the surrounding land on which one of the closing scenes of the War Between the States took place.

It was in the McLean House that an immaculately dressed general, wearing his dress sword, met a general in the mud-spattered, battle-stained uniform of a private. This was the soldier whom Lee years before had reprimanded because of his lack of care in military dress. Ironical, too, was the fact that Wilmer McLean had left his former home in Manassas, where one of the first battles of the war raged, to escape the war, and it was in his Appomattox house that the conflict came to a virtual end.

As I stood gazing into the surrender room in this reconstructed building, my thoughts focused on the little doll that,

according to legend, had been tossed aside, and lay in a corner during the historic meeting. If she could have talked, what impressions she could have recalled of the great personages crowded into that room on Palm Sunday in 1865! However, she might not have noticed one young captain on General Grant's staff. His commission, signed by both the Secretary of War and his own father, read "Assistant Adjutant General of Volunteers with the rank of Captain." Captain Robert Lincoln was a witness to the drama of Appomattox, and the following Friday he sat at breakfast in the White House, relating to his father, mother, and Tad what he had seen and heard. For the Lincoln family, Robert's accounts of the final action of the Army of Virginia began that fateful Good Friday which ended so tragically.

April 9

Toured Richmond. We had visited here last spring, but I was anxious to return to get additional pictures of the places visited by Lincoln after the fall of the city.

In Richmond, as the President's small party landed, it was surrounded by a tumultuous crowd which impeded the progress of the group toiling on foot to make its way from the landing. No protection was provided for the tall man who towered above the surging mass of humanity, but no hand was raised against him. President Lincoln stopped a moment to gaze at Libby Prison, where so many Union soldiers had suffered. Finally a small troop of cavalry arrived and cleared the street, making uninterrupted walking possible. The group went to the mansion previously occupied by Jefferson Davis and then visited the State Capitol, where the Congress of the Confederate States of America had met. A few blocks from the magnificent Capitol is the Lee home. Here, upon hearing word of the assassination of Lincoln, General Lee remarked sadly that this was the hardest blow the South had

received, for he believed that Lincoln would have been the South's staunchest friend during its reconstruction.

Drove to Berkeley, a lovely home overlooking the James River. The plantation, owned by the Harrison family, came to be known as Harrison's Landing because of its large wharf. General McClellan took over the area as a camping ground and used the landing as an embarkation point for the Army of the Potomac. President Lincoln, anxious to learn the state of morale of the troops following the Seven Days' Battle, as well as to evaluate the military situation, arrived at Berkeley. He inspected the troops and talked to the officers. As the Chief Executive boarded a boat to return to Washington, General McClellan handed him a document. This written opinion embodying McClellan's views on how the war should be conducted has come to be known as the Harrison's Landing Letter.

June 30

The Travelers Three started out early this morning on what we plan to be a trip to Lincoln Land. Went by way of Gettysburg, of course. The accusation is made that even at the risk of a little detour of a hundred miles or so, I somehow always manage to get near my favorite stomping ground.

Stopped at the Antietam National Park at Sharpsburg, Maryland. The battle fought here was one of the bloodiest of the war. Although victory was indecisive, it gave Lincoln the opportunity to issue his Emancipation Proclamation, which in effect broadened the purpose of the conflict. Went to the headquarters building in an effort to get information about where Lincoln reviewed the troops and visited with McClellan following the battle. The attendant said that the Dunkard church was the place where researchers are certain Lincoln stopped to speak to the soldiers. It was to this church that



NEW SALEM, ILLINOIS

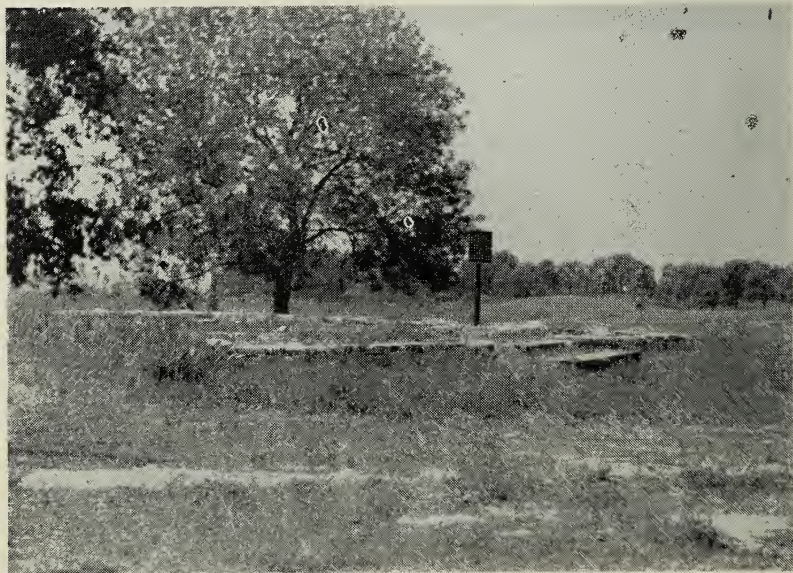
LINCOLN HOME IN SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS





MCLEAN HOUSE AT APPOMATTOX

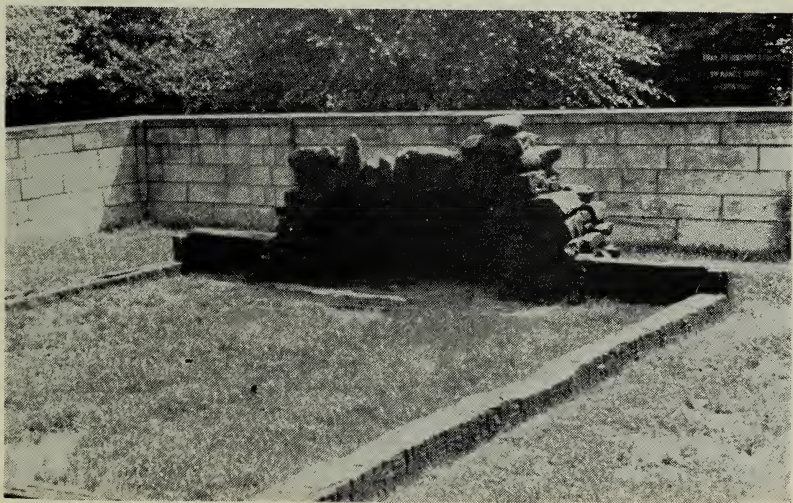
REMAINS OF DUNKARD CHURCH, ANTIETAM NATIONAL PARK





BOUNDARY OAK ON SINKING SPRING FARM

HEARTHSTONE OF THE LINCOLN INDIANA HOMESTEAD





STONE MONUMENT, FORT STEVENS, INDICATING SPOT WHERE
LINCOLN WAS UNDER FIRE

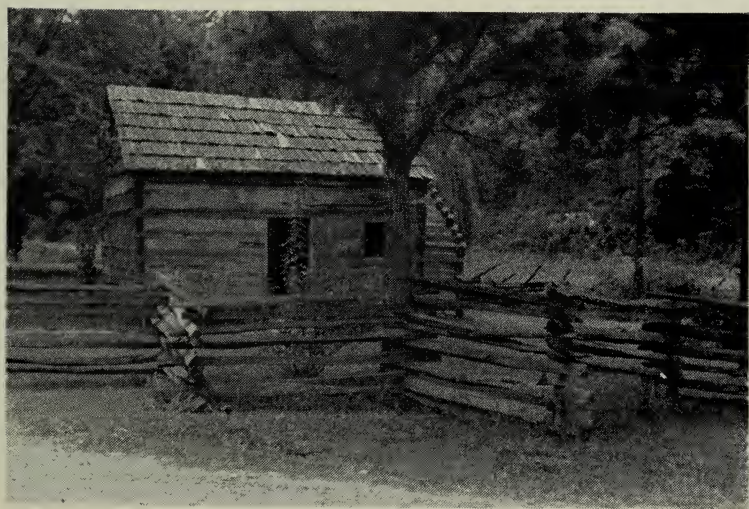
OLD SHIP CHURCH, HINGHAM, MASSACHUSETTS





FARMINGTON

KNOB CREEK CABIN RESTORATION





PANEL OF INDIANA MEMORIAL

ROOM IN WHICH LINCOLN DIED





PENNSYLVANIA LINCOLN HOMESTEAD

NEWSPAPER ACCOUNT OF LINCOLN FUNERAL

From the Philadelphia *Inquirer* of April 26, 1865—by permission

PHILADELPHIA INQUIRER

PRICE TWO CENTS

FUNERAL

Lincoln's Remains
In New York.

BUSINESSMEN VIEW THE BODY.

Some Throwing in the Streets.

A CIVIC AND MILITARY PROCESSION.

Some Passing a Grave Point.

A MEETING IN UNION SQUARE.

Bandcraft, the Historian.

ATION OF MR. LINCOLN'S LIFE AND DEATH.

Some Private to the Martyr.

MAJOR DEPART FOR ALBANY.

ing of People Along the Route.

DEPART FOR NEW YORK.

THE GREAT NATIONAL FUNERAL.

VIEW OF THE CITY HALL, NEW YORK AND THE HEARSE BEARING THE REMAINS OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN

THE NATION MOURNS.

PRICE TWO CENTS.

THE LATEST NEWS

OFFICIAL WAR GAZETTE.

GENERAL GRANT AT RALEIGH.

He Delivers His Message to Sherman.

JOHNSON IS NOTIFIED OF HIS POSITION.

The Truce Suddenly Announced.

JOHN MURPHY to the East Railway to Governmental Action.

IMPORTANT MILITARY ORDER.

Richmond Declared Open to Sherman's Command.

GEN. HANCOCK'S APPEAL.

Colored People Called On to Show Obedience to the Authorities.

SPECIAL WAR GAZETTE.

Respectful Notice.

General Grant's Message.

John Murphy's Message.

Richmond Declared Open to Sherman's Command.

Gen. Hancock's Appeal.

Colored People Called On to Show Obedience to the Authorities.

SPECIAL WAR GAZETTE.



THE WAR-WEARY LINCOLN

NANCY HANKS LINCOLN MARKER



some of the wounded were brought for whatever shelter and safety the little building could give. Following the battle, the President paused to speak, just outside the church, to a group of the soldiers. The field across from where Lee had set up his headquarters is the one in which the "review" took place. Some historians question the use of the word "review" because in all probability the men were too weary following the battle to endure anything that formal.

It was here at Antietam that the famous photograph of Lincoln in McClellan's tent was taken. It was on this battlefield that the war President, irked by McClellan's lethargy, referred to the Army of the Potomac as "McClellan's body-guard."

After our tour of the battlefield, we decided to write post-cards home. Being weary and warm we settled for the government-stamped ones without pictures, which had been brought along for just such an occasion. Thinking to explain the lack of a suitable picture to accompany the message, one member of the trusty three wrote: "Five states in one day. Scenery beautiful but too hot to get out and buy one."

July 1

In Keyser, West Virginia, asked directions to the birthplace of Nancy Hanks. The gas-station attendant told us of the approach, stating that it was not built for modern cars and would mean considerable hiking (oh, but for a jeep!). However, he said that on the highway we would climb Five Mile Mountain, at the top of which we could pull off the road to see The Saddle, a beautiful depression in the mountains. Beyond The Saddle is believed to have been the birthplace of Nancy, mother of Abraham Lincoln. Sure enough, after we had climbed the mountain, an expanse of sheer beauty lay before us. Even the telephoto lens was brought into use.

July 3

The greeting "Rise and shine" rang out early, for another big day was in the making. We long ago learned that the equation for an early getaway is: *speed plus huddling in one's own corner while dressing to prevent collision minus conversation*. Drove into Lexington, Kentucky, to see William H. Townsend, well-known authority on Lincoln. I had written to the Governor of Kentucky to obtain permission to photograph material in the state connected with the life of Lincoln. Governor Wetherby's administrative assistant, in answering, had made several fine suggestions, including getting in touch with Mr. Townsend. This I did and, busy lawyer though he is, Mr. Townsend had written offering his assistance in connection with my project.

A few minutes after nine, the three of us trooped into the office of a most gracious, hospitable, topnotch Lincoln lover. His interest in Lincoln began to take form in the 1920's as a result of his father's enthusiasm and the influence of Dr. W. E. Barton. His father was a country doctor in rural Kentucky, where many descendants of the Hanks and Sparrows families lived. Mr. Townsend now owns the collar and watch Lincoln was wearing on the night of the assassination; and in his collection is the check Lincoln wrote to bribe Tad to take his medicine during a serious illness. The check is framed, and we examined it, but the other items were not in sight. They had been displayed during the first week of the presentation of the pageant, *The Tall Kentuckian*.

Mr. Townsend now owns the beautiful estate which was formerly the property of the grandniece of Mary Todd Lincoln. This lady was the daughter of "little Emily," Mary's favorite half sister. Even at ninety-five, she thought nothing of flying to New Hampshire to visit relatives. According to Mr. Townsend she personified unruffled Southern charm—except when the Dodgers lost during the World Series, for she was an avid Dodger fan! She died this past June.

We discussed my Lincoln project. Mr. Townsend looked

at my plans and suggested that we make an effort to see Squire Pate's house in Lewisport, where Lincoln was tried. Although Mr. Townsend did not mention it, I believe it was his investigation that unearthed this story. He autographed and presented me with a copy of his *A Kentucky Lincolnian*, which is the story of his own collection.

Of the pageant being presented in Louisville as part of the celebration of the one hundred and seventy-fifth anniversary of the founding of that city, Mr. Townsend said that he had attended the dress rehearsal as guest of Mrs. Barbara Anderson, the author. He thought it well done but admitted that the interpretative dancing was a "little heavy" for him. With eyes twinkling, he added that he was glad Mrs. Anderson was present to offer explanations.

What a delightful hour! One of the most interesting aspects of this project has been the contacts with different people. A secondary phase of this research could be the study of human nature. I notice that the greater and more important the person, the more willing he seems to give of his time and efforts.

Found the Lexington house Mary Todd knew as home as a little girl. It was also to this home that she later brought Abraham Lincoln and their children to visit.

Our next stop was at Fort Harrod on the grounds of the Pioneer Memorial State Park in Harrodsburg. The cabin in which Nancy Hanks and Thomas Lincoln were married was brought from the Beech Fork settlement, about twenty-two miles from here. The single-room building was made nine logs high and was chinked with mud and rock. It has a puncheon floor and a clapboard roof which was fastened with wooden pegs. Its stone fireplace is topped with a low stick chimney daubed with clay.

Stopped at Federal Hill near Bardstown. Here, while visiting at the Rowan home, Stephen Collins Foster immortalized in the song "My Old Kentucky Home" the manor house of a great plantation. Foster's music did much to establish a concept of Southern living in the popular mind. Our

stay was brief because Louisville, some fifty miles away, was our destination.

Arriving in the city of Louisville with the thermometer still registering over a hundred, we were happy to locate our abode for the night. After the most rapid kind of repair to ourselves, we left the motel and attempted to get back into the stream of traffic on the highway. The Fourth of July week end, the proximity of Fort Knox, and the hour for commuters all seemed to conspire against us. No one appeared to be interested in our plight, and I almost lost an arm trying to signal our desire to turn. Finally we made it and proceeded to the Iroquois Amphitheater. We settled ourselves in our seats, rearranged the camera equipment, and, in spite of having our hands full, managed to juggle cups of orange drink—which proved itself remarkably weak. With some misgivings, I gathered up my courage and approached an usher about permission to take pictures. The things I do for Lincoln! The usher said it was against regulations, but when he learned we had come all the way from New Jersey, he agreed to ask. Some time later he returned to say that permission had been granted, so I was the only one in the capacity audience of three thousand four hundred who clicked and clacked. The chances of my pictures being successful are certainly remote.

The Tall Kentuckian was wonderful. It dramatized the role of the state and its people in the life of Lincoln. Royal Dano starred in the role of the great Kentuckian, with Louisa Horton costarring as Mary Todd Lincoln. The last scene, with Lincoln in silhouette on a raised platform upstage, and the entire cast grouped below, was a thrilling finale. This ended another day of "Lincoln living."

July 4

Immediately after breakfast we set out in quest of Farmington, once the home of Joshua Speed. Speed was a friend of

Lincoln's, and it was here in Farmington that Lincoln spent some time in 1841 following the breaking of his engagement to Mary Todd. We had some difficulty in locating the estate, but our persistence was well repaid.

The present owner met us at the car and proceeded to take us on a personally conducted tour. The house is not usually open to the public, but for several weeks, because of the pageant, visitors have been welcome. Several scenes of the play were set at Farmington, and the stage settings certainly appeared most authentic. Permission for interior pictures was readily granted. The owner, who was most gracious, seemed to sense our deep interest and responded enthusiastically.

The property when owned by the Speeds comprised about three thousand acres, and some seventy slaves were kept. It is more than five miles from Louisville, and, during his visit, Lincoln sometimes walked into town. The story is told that on one occasion he was held up and relieved of the little money he was carrying. When relating the incident, he usually concluded by expressing the hope that the money did the robber some good.

We stood out on the front lawn for quite a long time, assimilating atmosphere. The house is of red brick, Flemish bond, and is approached by a lovely brick walk. The doorway is one of real beauty. The pillars near it are exceptional architecturally for, while in most homes of this period and style, the pillars are either square or circular, these are oval.

The hallway is one of the most beautiful I have ever seen. The ceiling in the rear part of the hall is several feet lower than in the front. This was probably done to make the rear part warmer and more comfortable for it was in this section that many of the family activities took place.

Thomas Jefferson, who designed Farmington, left his distinctive style on both exterior and interior. The secret stairway, two-tier closets, and the entrance to the attic all show Jefferson's flair for the unusual and ingenious.

The bedrooms were placed at the corners of the house so that the center rooms, which were easier to heat, could be used for living quarters. The bedroom on the left was the one used by Lincoln. Although the furniture is not the original, it is in keeping with the period. The mantel is the one against which Lincoln probably leaned many times.

During his stay, a servant was assigned to the future Emancipator for his personal comfort. Here, for the first time in his life, he came to know the meaning of comfort and luxury. He was surrounded by hospitality and kindness, but sadness seemed to be his constant companion.

Our hostess, with her gracious generosity in showing us through her beautiful and historic house, seemed to turn back the pages of time so that one felt that at any moment one might catch a glimpse of a tall, lanky, sad-eyed man striding through the hallway. Our Farmington visit can be listed as one of the high spots of this trip.

This afternoon found us at the Knob Creek restoration. The Knob Creek cabin was the first home that Lincoln remembered. Referring to the Knob Creek place, he said that it was composed of three fields and lay in the valley surrounded by high hills and deep gorges. A huge stone escarpment called Muldraugh's Hill divides the part known as "The Barrens" from the timbered land to the north. The cliff is pierced by a four-mile-long valley. The hills have provided the valley with silt, making the land rich and productive. When the Lincoln family moved here, the soil was so fertile that the crop yield was good even though not all the thirty acres on the farm could be cultivated.

The farm was located on the old Louisville and Nashville trail, so the young Lincoln boy early observed travelers who could tell him of things and places he had not seen. It was at this homestead that he learned to talk, helped with the chores, fished, and set forth to school with his sister Sarah. Here he began to sense his mother's sadness and her strength.

The heat in the valley this afternoon seemed unbearable. My two companions collapsed in the shade near the cabin, but I trudged stoically on, for I was determined to see Knob Creek. Across the fields I plodded, encountering no other human beings. It was in this stream that the Lincoln boy was saved from drowning by a quick-thinking companion who pulled him from the flood-swollen water. The tiny creek trickling beside the escarpment looked to me as though it had survived through many a day since it had seen much water.

The Abraham Lincoln Birthplace National Historical Park three miles from Hodgenville was our next destination. The log cabin housed within the memorial is the traditional birthplace, so called since it is impossible to prove that it is the original. There is one belief that the actual cabin did not survive, some of the logs having been burned as firewood. The history of the cabin now preserved here has been established as far back as 1861, but its story prior to that is a matter of controversy.

The sinking spring on the land was one of its most distinctive features and gave the farm its name. The spring flowed from a horizontal channel of rock and then dropped abruptly into a perpendicular opening in the rock. It was wonderfully cool down by the spring. A sign indicated that it was inadvisable to drink the water, so I merely daubed my hands in it.

Another attractive feature of this land was the large oak known as the boundary oak. The farm was not especially productive. It was in the area called "The Barrens." This section was so named because it had been made almost treeless by many successive fires set by the Indians in an effort to clear places for buffalo to graze.

In the town of Hodgenville there is a Lincoln statue which has a particular association with the family. In 1909 Robert Todd Lincoln sat on the platform while his Aunt Emily of

Louisville unveiled the statue. His anticipated visit to the Sinking Spring farm had to be cancelled because of illness. As far as is known, Lincoln himself never revisited the site of his birth.

July 5

Drove out from Bardstown on the Hodgenville Road to see Our Lady of Gethsemane, the Trappist-Cistercian Abbey. In the cemetery on the monastery's property is the grave of Zachariah Riney, Lincoln's first teacher. According to some researchers, both Riney and Caleb Hazel, who taught Lincoln while he lived at Knob Creek, were better teachers and men possessed of more learning than has generally been credited to them.

In Elizabethtown we tarried a few minutes, recalling facts about this town—the setting wherein Thomas Lincoln unsuccessfully courted Sarah Bush and then married Nancy Hanks. Sarah, daughter of Nancy and Thomas, was born here. The Hardin County Courthouse saw much of Thomas, for he served on juries and appeared concerning land titles. After Nancy's death, he returned to this village and married Sarah, who had been widowed. And so, we reminisced, both the mother and the stepmother of Abraham had known Elizabethtown as home.

Our next stop was the Old Mill Creek Cemetery where Lincoln's grandmother is buried. Some of the old grave markers are simple, rough stones with no inscriptions. The mother of Thomas Lincoln had come to live in this vicinity some time after the death of her husband, Captain Abraham Lincoln. The story of how this pioneer was killed by an Indian, and how the young boy, Thomas, remained by the dying man's side while others raced for help, left a vivid impression on another Abraham years later. According to Kentucky law, much of the property of the deceased went to the Captain's

oldest son, Mordecai, so early in life Thomas became fatherless and aware of the need to seek a livelihood.

Continued part of the way on the Lincoln Memorial Highway which follows, to a large extent, the route taken by the Lincolns on their exodus west. From Hawesville went in search of the farm where we hoped to locate the possible site of the Thompsons' Ferry where the Lincoln family crossed the Ohio River. Finding what we thought might be the place, we cautiously approached the farmhouse. Our only reception was a grumpy greeting from a dog whose nap seemed to have been disturbed by our appearance.

Our next destination was the Pate House several miles from Lewisport, and quite a search we had for it. In this two-story weather-boarded log farmhouse, the eighteen-year-old Lincoln was tried. While in the employment of James Taylor, Lincoln helped run a ferry boat across the Ohio from near the Anderson Creek, and was also expected to do some farm work. For this he received six dollars a month, and when he helped as a hog killer, he was paid thirty-one cents extra. To augment his earnings, he built a scow in which he transported people to passing steamers that he hailed in midstream. Ferryman John Dill of Kentucky annoyed by this competition, charged Lincoln with operating a ferry without a license and haled him into court. Lincoln, the defendant, appeared as his own counsel before Kentucky Magistrate Samuel Pate. The young scow operator contended he did not know it was unlawful to take passengers to steamboats in midstream, particularly when the ferryboat was on the other shore and the steamers would neither land nor wait. Dill claimed that Kentucky's jurisdiction ran to low watermark on the Indiana shore. Squire Pate ruled that carrying persons to midstream was not "setting them over," and therefore Lincoln had not violated the law. Lincoln was impressed with the proceedings and frequented not only Pate's courtroom but other rural courts thereafter to hear cases. Some hold the theory that thus was born Lincoln's love for law.

July 6

Our visit in Gentryville was filled with thoughts of the young man who clerked for James Gentry in the village store and accompanied the owner's son on a flatboat trip to New Orleans. Here was a place for me to soak up local flavor.

Talked to several townfolk and then went searching for the old Grigsby Mill. It was into the Grisby family that Sarah Lincoln married. Encountering difficulty in finding the remains of the water-power mill, stopped to ask directions. The man of whom I inquired said there is nothing remaining of the old mill. When it was torn down, the stones were sold. Even the pond was drained last year because of mosquitoes.

With the help of the directions given us by the postmaster, we located the site of the old Gentryville store where Lincoln was a clerk. A clump of trees and underbrush now mark the spot. The beautiful little tree-lined road over which the country lad may have trudged many times fills one with a sense of peace and tranquillity.

Next stop was the Lincoln State Park in Lincoln City. Visited the Pigeon Creek Baptist Cemetery where Sarah Lincoln Grigsby is buried. In the Pigeon Creek area the Lincoln family lived for fourteen years—years of hardship and toil, years that brought the death of Nancy Hanks Lincoln and saw a stepmother earn the love and respect of Sarah and Abraham.

Drove to a point near the grave of Nancy Hanks Lincoln and walked the remainder of the way on the beautifully wooded trails. The simplicity here is striking. The marker in the little hilltop cemetery, where other pioneers are buried, indicates the grave of a mother whose death was deeply mourned by a lonely, sensitive lad.

About a quarter of a mile away is the site of the Lincoln cabin, where the fireplace made of original stones is set in its proper position. The hearthstone was the most important feature of the pioneer home, and its preservation seems both appropriate and significant.

After following the trail of historic stones, we came upon the memorial which Indiana has erected and dedicated to the memories of Nancy Hanks Lincoln and her President son. Its beauty is so awe-inspiring that we were speechless. We were finally brought abruptly back to earth by a bee, who, unaware of history, selected this moment to sting me.

Went back to Rockport to visit the Pioneer Village. This reconstructed village was built to give the modern mind a concept of pioneer life during the period Lincoln was growing up in Indiana.

Just outside Troy, stopped at Lincoln Ferry Park, where Lincoln operated a ferry for James Taylor. Passed the site of the school attended by the Lincoln children, the site of the William Wood home, and the place where Lincoln made a political speech on behalf of Henry Clay in 1844. Since time is getting short—to say nothing of our money—we must turn the car to the east and head homeward. Although filled with deep regret that we cannot visit more, our adventures in Lincoln Land make us firmly resolve to return in the future.

August 19

Horace Gottshalk, a neighbor, is a master at the Lawrenceville School for Boys and knows Dr. Abraham Lincoln, who is a retired member of the faculty. Horace told Dr. Lincoln about my project, and arrangements were made for me to see him.

Went to Dr. Lincoln's home this afternoon and had a thoroughly delightful interview. His grandfather, who was born in 1822, was a contemporary of the President. I think the relationship was a matter of their being cousins, but genealogy is not a strong point of mine. The grandfather was born and lived for some time at Lacey Spring, about five miles from the home of "Virginia John" at Edom, Virginia, which we visited last spring.

Dr. Lincoln said that the Mordecai who married in New

Jersey moved to Pennsylvania. His New Jersey wife died, and he remarried. In his will, he left his New Jersey property to the children of the New Jersey wife and his Pennsylvania holdings to the offspring of the Pennsylvania marriage.

My host showed me a letter written to a relative by Lincoln, while he was in Congress, in an effort to get information about his ancestors. At that time, Congressman Lincoln knew only that his grandfather was from Virginia.

Dr. Lincoln also mentioned a document which he now has that was written by a man who knew Lincoln. This tells of Lincoln's great skill in playing a game called fives. It was a popular pastime and consisted of bouncing a ball against a building or a fence. It sounds much like our handball.

August 24

Harriet sent me a clipping from the New York *Herald Tribune* about "Dickels." The town of Lincoln, Illinois, the first to be named for Lincoln and the only one to which he gave his consent for the use of his name, is now celebrating its centennial. As souvenirs of this event, the town has issued wooden money. This is a cross between a dime and nickel, hence the name dickel. The value of each is 7½ cents if presented in the town before August twenty-ninth.

In 1853 Lincoln christened the town, using watermelon juice, and warned that nothing named Lincoln ever amounted to much. One hundred years later, the town invented the dickel. Must send for some of these unique items.

August 25

Dr. Lincoln telephoned to ask me to come over this afternoon, for he has located the negatives of the Lincoln letters which

he will lend me. Had another wonderful visit with the Lincolns. Dr. Lincoln gave me a copy of a chart showing the Lincoln relationship. His grandfather was a second cousin of the President's. According to one way of calculating family lines, this would mean that this Abraham is a fourth cousin. However, those who study genealogy continue the relationship by using the same words plus "once or twice removed" to indicate generations. This method is simpler and the one which is more readily accepted. According to this, then, he is a second cousin twice removed—I think!

With characteristic humor, this former teacher delights in telling the story about the time he was stopped by a policeman who, following the usual routine, asked him his name. When the answer "Abraham Lincoln" was made, the man of the law disdainfully replied, "Well, then, I'm Napoleon Bonaparte!"

August 26

Left home early this morning to keep an appointment with Judge Edward S. Delaplaine in Frederick, Maryland. He has made an extensive study of Lincoln's association with the Frederick area, and had offered his assistance.

He took us on a tour of the historic city, showing us many points of interest, but of course we were most concerned with finds about Lincoln's visits there. Saw the Ramsey house, where the President visited General Hartsuff, then convalescing from a wound received during the Battle of Antietam.

Drove to the old railroad station, whose exterior has received but little alteration during the years. It was to this building that Lincoln came on October 4, 1862. He spoke informally to the crowd that gathered outside the station and again in front of the Ramsey house.

September 18

Received "dickels" from the president of the Centennial Corporation of the City of Lincoln. They are two by four inches in size and of extremely thin wood. On one is a picture of the courthouse and the other has a picture of Lincoln. The accompanying letter said that there had been so many requests for the souvenir money that a scarcity had been created. Suppose they will become collectors' items in time.

October 25

Another Lincoln find was the result of a friend's awareness of my great interest in Lincolniana. Donna Botts telephoned to say that she had just visited a home where an auction is to be held Wednesday. She had discovered a Lincoln campaign pin, and wanted to know if I wanted her to bid on it for me, since I will not be able to attend the auction. Naturally my answer was a strong affirmative.

October 28

The Lincoln pin arrived tonight. Both Donna and I are thrilled at her success in getting it for me. The candidate's picture occupies the center, over which is printed "A. Lincoln." The gold-filled mount encircling the picture contains the words "For President 1864."

December 25

Received a most interesting Christmas present. It is a Lincoln coin minted in 1909 as a centennial piece. Harriet's finding

it was accidental. She asked a friend whose husband had been a jeweler where I could get the campaign pin enclosed in some type of protective covering so that it would be safe to wear it. The result of this conversation was that when the woman found the Lincoln coin while sorting through a button collection, Harriet was able to get the anniversary piece.

1954

January 2

During a neighbor's visit this evening, the subject of auctions arose. She told of a friend who said that at her auction, the articles she expected to bring considerable sums did not, and the things she classed as practically worthless seemed to attract high bidding. As an illustration, she said that someone was crazy enough to pay quite a sum for an old Lincoln campaign button she had found in a box of junk. How we laughed when I told her for whom the pin was purchased!

January 27

Received an interesting and informative letter from Mr. Frank Edgington, clerk of the sessions of the New York Avenue Presbyterian Church in Washington, D. C. I had written to the minister requesting permission to photograph the pew used by Lincoln, and my letter had been referred to the clerk. Mr. Edgington has held this position for forty-nine years, and had the good fortune of talking to some of the men and women who had visited the church during the Lincoln administration.

February 5

A letter arrived from Mrs. Frances Seward Messenger, granddaughter of William H. Seward, who was Secretary of State under Lincoln. Mrs. Messenger wrote that the Seward papers are in the University of Rochester Library and that the Lincoln papers will be on display at the Emerson Foundation

in the Secretary Seward home in Auburn, New York, which will be opened to the public this spring.

April 10

Arrived in Fredericksburg on what seems to be our annual spring trek to Virginia. This time most of our efforts will be dedicated to battlefields.

April 12

What a photographer's paradise this state is, especially for one who is a history hunter. Even after our all-day tour of Fredericksburg and environs yesterday, we managed to tarry in the town some time this morning. My companions vote Kenmore, Hugh Mercer's apothecary shop, and other spots associated with the American Revolution as high on their list of favorites. Brompton, reputedly Lee's headquarters during the Battle of Fredericksburg, as well as other places in the area which had significance during the Civil War, get top billing from me. The serenity of the area today makes a paradox of the fact that within a twenty-mile radius, one third of all the casualties of the War Between the States occurred.

Went to Hopewell to find City Point, since it is now a part of Hopewell. Here is the confluence of the James and Appomattox Rivers. Here General Grant had his headquarters during the siege of Petersburg, and to City Point Commander-in-Chief Lincoln came to consult with Grant. General Sherman, too, talked with the President. It was during these conferences that Lincoln set the tone for the terms of surrender that would take place in a few weeks. After the evacuation of Richmond, Lincoln visited that city, and on his way back to Washington, he stopped again at City Point, where he spent the night.

We located Appomattox Manor, the plantation which

Grant used as a camp. Since it is private property, we were consumed with misgivings about the advisability of approaching the house. A hurried conference followed. We reminded each other that this had long since been considered one of the main objectives of the trip. Surely this was not the time to become timid! Cautiously we crossed fields yellow with buttercups and, of course, I was elected to act as spokesman. The maid answered the doorbell. When I asked permission to walk to the riverbank to photograph the junction of the rivers, she replied that the owner was away, but she thought it would be all right. Hastily the pictures were taken, and we tramped back to the car, where I decided to put the extra lenses for the camera in the trunk. As I was emerging from this task, a car drove up, and a lady asked if she could be of service. We explained our mission: to find the site of the Lincoln-Grant meeting. She then introduced herself and her sister-in-law. What a wonderful surprise to learn that we were talking to the owner of the manor! We were invited to the house to see pictures taken by Brady, letters, and a picture of a painting of City Point. Then, as if we were walking a dream, we were shown through the rooms of the original part of the house. Outside we examined the marks on the manor left by cannon balls, the merger of the two rivers where the *River Queen* brought Lincoln to see his top general, the remains of a chimney of one of Grant's cabins, a portion of the rampart built to protect the river, and the garden from which we were each given a cluster of yellow roses and a camellia. What privileges these ladies gave us! What interesting stories were told about the manor and its former occupants, but most of all, what joy was experienced by three Lincoln lovers in making the acquaintance of two who were so willing to help humble history-hunters.

After leaving the manor, we stopped for lunch. It may have been delicious, but we would not know, for we were too absorbed in an animated discussion of the morning's activities to be concerned with food.

Then went to Centre Hill Mansion in Petersburg. Follow-

ing the evacuation of that city by the Confederate forces after the ten-month siege, this mansion was used as headquarters for Major General Hartsuff. On April 7, 1865, Lincoln visited District Commander Hartsuff at this beautiful home. When the subject of rent came up, the President quipped, "Our batteries have made rent enough here already."

A sign on the door announced that the building was not open on Monday, but this was not going to deter me from taking exterior pictures of the lovely red-brick structure, which is flanked by columns. Concentrating on footage, shutter speed, and aperture for photographic purposes, I was startled by a voice behind me. My immediate thought was that I was going to be told to get off the grass. Instead, a workman wanted to know if we had ever been in the building. The reply being in the negative, he proceeded to show us about. Several openings, looking much like modern manholes, lead to the subordinate tunnels that connect with the main one, which is a direct passage from the mansion to the river. This is so large that horses and wagons used it during the war, moving secretly between the house and the river, where boats docked in spite of blockades.

April 13

Our first major endeavor after breakfast was to see Fortress Monroe in Old Point Comfort. The War President visited the fort in May, 1862, to inspect military operations in the Hampton Roads area. At his suggestion an attack, which proved successful, was made against Norfolk. As a result of the fall of this city, the Confederates blew up the Merrimac to avoid having it captured.

In 1865 President Lincoln visited the area again. This time he came for an informal peace conference. Aboard the *River Queen*, in the shadow of the guns of the fort, Lincoln talked with the Confederate commissioners headed by Alexander H.

Stephens, vice president of the seceded states. The talks continued several hours, but ended in failure, as the astute Lincoln refused to bargain. The meeting has become known as the Hampton Roads Peace Conference.

With our lengthy inspection of this fort, which is still considered the most elaborate enclosed fortification in the United States, we concluded the section of the trip devoted to Lincoln.

April 24

Spent the day in Philadelphia. Went first to Fairmount Park to see the cabin used by General Grant at City Point. This two-room structure was the largest built for Union officers during encampment there. Although Lincoln lived aboard his boat during his visits, he was Grant's guest upon occasion.

Then visited Philadelphia's Independence Hall, which also has associations with the Lincoln story. Here, on Washington's birthday in 1861, the President-elect raised the first American flag containing thirty-four stars. This was the first time the tall, gaunt man, already striving for national unity, had visited the historic building, but it would not be the last. Four years and two months to the day after his first visit, a coffin was placed in Independence Hall. Throughout the night, thousands of persons filed past to pay their final respects to the simple, determined man who had spent his life seeking and defending what he believed to be right.

July 20

Spent the afternoon tracing down landmarks in New Jersey linked with Lincoln's ancestors. Near Imlaystown visited Ye Olde Yellow Meeting House, which was built on land donated by Richard Salter, father-in-law of Mordecai Lincoln. Mor-

decai, great-great-grandfather of the President, married Hannah Salter. To them was born a son, John. Another child of this marriage was Deborah Lincoln, who died when she was three. She is buried near Clarksburg. After a scramble through weeds and briars, we came upon the Covell Hill Cemetery, which is also called the Ye Olde Robbins Burial Place (1695). The grave of this little Lincoln is marked by a simple fieldstone. Only the clucking of a few chickens nearby broke the silence of this almost forgotten spot.

August 12

Drove to Cape May to visit the beach where once stood the wharf at which Philadelphia boats docked. The "Steamboat Landing" was located at the west end of Sunset Boulevard at the Point. This city, which is considered one of America's oldest seashore resorts, has welcomed many distinguished guests. On July 31, 1849, a man and his wife arrived at the Mansion House, but their arrival caused no particular stir, for they were unknowns. The guest whose presence created no interest signed the register: "A. Lincoln and wife."

November 26

Left home early this morning for Washington to spend the day in pursuit of Lincoln lore. Took a taxi from the station to the Ford Theater on Tenth Street, where we spent several hours. One's imagination need not work much overtime to permit one to visualize the awful drama that occurred here. Years after the tragedy which assured the theater a spot in history that none of its performances could give it, the building burned. It was rebuilt, and is now a national museum. I believe that there is a movement afoot to have it altered and redecorated so as to duplicate its appearance that fateful

night in April, 1865. We walked into the alley behind the building to see the original walls and the doorway through which Booth escaped.

Crossed the street to the Petersen house, where the wounded President was taken and where he died the next morning. In their haste to help Lincoln, several men had carried him from the theater into the street. There they concluded that he could not be taken by carriage, over the rough streets, to the White House. Standing undecided as to their next move, they heard a young man call to them from the stoop of the Petersen house. He suggested that they come over and use his room. Thus, in a small back bedroom, on a bed too short to accommodate his lengthy frame, the President of the United States breathed his last.

As we climbed the steps, our mood became more depressed. The door was opened by an attendant, and we stepped over the threshold of what had been a private home of no particular significance until the night of April 14, 1865. No other visitors being present, we carefully studied the room where Mrs. Lincoln spent agonizing hours of waiting, and the back parlor where Secretary Stanton listened to accounts of the happenings and wrote his record of the assassination. We walked into the room of the death scene. A cloud covered the sun momentarily, and one could almost hear the rain against the windowpane that Saturday morning so many years ago. Nature, too, had wept.

We returned to the street and the twentieth century, but we walked many blocks before the adjustment to the transition took place. As we sauntered along New York Avenue, we remembered that it was in this area that the President and his son, Tad, frequently visited a toyshop to make purchases dear to the heart of the little boy—and also of interest to one who in some ways was still a boy at heart.

Our next stop was at the New York Avenue Presbyterian Church, where Lincoln often attended services. Photographed the Lincoln pew and studied an original copy of the Emanci-

pation Proclamation. It is believed that Lincoln discussed the document with Reverend Phineas Gurley, who was pastor of the church at the time and later conducted funeral services for the slain President. The minister is said to have made several suggestions concerning the proclamation, and when a wealthy man was able to purchase this copy, it seemed fitting to present the document to the New York Avenue Church.

A story is told concerning President Lincoln's attendance at services. Being anxious to avoid public notice and to worship in privacy, Lincoln arranged with the minister that a door be left ajar between the church and an adjoining room. There the President was unnoticed. All went well until one night several curious boys followed the large footprints left in the snow. They led to the White House—and the secret was out.

Took a taxi out to Fort Stevens, one of the Civil War defenses of the city of Washington. It was here that the Commander in Chief, with a complete unawareness of the danger, or with utter disregard for his personal safety, stood atop one of the earthworks during Early's raid. As bullets whizzed by, Lincoln was unceremoniously pulled to safety. This was the only time a President of the United States has been under actual fire during a war.

The cabdriver, who had long since become interested in our Lincoln expedition, accompanied us to our various destinations. The fort seemed of particular fascination to him since, in spite of years of residence in the city, and of taking hundreds of tourists about, he was making his first acquaintance with this landmark.

Drove next to the Soldiers' Home, where Lincoln frequently visited the wounded. Mrs. Lincoln often brought delicacies to the sick here. In a building nearby, sometimes called the Summer White House, President Lincoln lived during the warm weather to escape the heat of Washington.

Our next stop was at Arlington House, home of the Lees. At Lincoln's request Robert E. Lee was offered field

command of the United States Army when war seemed imminent. It was in this house that Lee made his decision to return to his native state. During the war, when the plantation was confiscated and held by the Federal forces, Robert Lincoln, with his father's secretaries, John Hay and John Nicolay, rode out on horseback to enjoy the beauty of the estate. More than sixty years later, Robert was buried on that same land in the Arlington National Cemetery.

Concluded the day with a visit to the Library of Congress, where we examined documents concerning Lincoln.

1955

February 22

Went to Baltimore to see the Camden Street Station. Several sources uncovered a plot to assassinate Lincoln as he passed through Baltimore on his way to be inaugurated. Much persuasion was required to talk the President-elect into agreeing to a change in plans. Finally, recognizing that his personal desires were secondary to security, he permitted himself to be whisked away to begin his nocturnal "escape." In Baltimore, the rail car, which bore the man whose life would be threatened repeatedly during the next four years, was transferred from President Street to the Camden Street Station. There it was coupled to a special locomotive for Washington. Hours before schedule, and unnoticed, Lincoln arrived in the nation's Capital. His arrival, shrouded in secrecy, gave his enemies one more point to use in ridicule.

April 2

Received a telephone call tonight about copies of newspapers of 1865 vintage that a friend found when examining possessions of a deceased relative. These papers contain accounts of the surrender of Lee, the assassination and funeral of Lincoln, and the capture of Booth. She will lend them to me.

April 5

Started early on spring vacation trek. This time our most important point will be Hingham, Massachusetts, where the Lincoln story in America began when the eighteen-year-old Samuel arrived from England in 1637. In Bridgeport,

Connecticut, hopped out of the car long enough to photograph the City Hall because Lincoln gave an address there in 1860.

April 7

Arose at 5:15 A.M., presumably to see the sunrise over Plymouth Harbor. However, one member of our trio insisted that we were actually working to be on the way, for we are "Hingham happy."

In North Scituate we consulted a policeman who was able to direct us to the Groveland Cemetery, where Mordecai Lincoln is buried. This Mordecai, son of the immigrant Samuel, showed inventive ability when he built a series of dams in the nearby stream to insure a supply of water for his gristmill. In the industrial world, he was one of the first ironmasters in the country. But for us his importance is the fact that he was the great-great-great-grandfather of President Lincoln. Our preconceived idea of a relatively small cemetery proved incorrect. Drove around until we spied an old section. Laden with camera equipment, we climbed out of the car and started on foot to look for Lincoln tombstones. Not much time elapsed before I found several (just natural instinct!). Located the graves of Mordecai and his wife. Got down on the ground and crawled around, even holding the grass away from the bottoms of the markers in an effort to read them.

Harriet wore out her powder puff patting powder on the stones so we could read the inscriptions. Edna went to the car, returning with a can of talcum and rag with which she, too, engaged in the dusting process. As a result of their exertions, we could read and photograph the inscriptions. Really, it was a shame that these labors of the Travelers Three could not be recorded on film. Such frenzied efforts would make any observer think that for some reason the cemetery plot was to exist for such a short time that great haste had to be employed.

A Lincoln find always results in much excitement which in turn seems to stimulate our speed.

Drove to Hingham to see the Samuel Lincoln House and the Old Ship Church. The church, the oldest frame structure in the United States to have been used continuously for public worship, was built in 1681. After our usual cemetery visit, finding the church locked, I went to the church house to ask about seeing the interior of this building whose name probably comes from the fact that its ceiling, if inverted, would look like the hull of a ship. The minister and his wife graciously offered to show us the church. They told us how the original stalls were taken out during an era of redecoration. Years later, it was decided to remove all the ornamentation and restore it to its original style. Owners of the stall doors and even entire stalls returned them to the church. For those that could not be found, duplicates were reproduced. The location of the pew of Samuel, original American ancestor of Abraham Lincoln, is indicated by a marker. Another Lincoln who made United States history was General Benjamin. It was he who received the surrender sword from Lord Cornwallis at Yorktown. General Benjamin Lincoln also attended the Old Ship Church, and his pew is marked.

Left the friendly town of Hingham with reluctance. Sturbridge was our next destination. Although the restored village was to prove most interesting, I was also happy to have the opportunity of seeing the Lincoln House. This historic house was brought to Old Sturbridge Village in 1951. Built in Worcester, it was the home of Governor Levi Lincoln. In 1848, Congressman A. Lincoln had several speaking engagements in Massachusetts, including one in Worcester. The two Lincolns met, and the Congressman was invited to dinner at the stately home. Tradition tells us that the lawmaker said it was the finest dinner he had ever eaten. Although unaware of their relationship, the two were kinsmen. The governor was of the sixth generation from the original Samuel, while the man from Illinois was of the seventh generation.

April 15

This is the ninetieth anniversary of Lincoln's death. Certainly an appropriate day for taking one hundred eighth graders to Gettysburg. When the lecturer at the battlefield map mentioned the anniversary, all the hundred turned to look at me. Nothing pleases them more than to have someone else mention some point that we have already discussed. In spite of the consumption of pounds of food, considerable monetary exchange for souvenirs, and much picture taking, we managed an extensive tour of this great battlefield.

1956

January 10

One of the boys brought in a Spencer carbine from his gun collection. He was delighted not only to demonstrate the intricacies of the mechanism but also to relate to us the story of the young inventor of this fast-shooting weapon. Spencer met either rebuff, or an attitude of indifference in his efforts to interest Army officials in his invention. Finally, he managed to obtain an interview with the President, who immediately demonstrated his interest. On the land near where the Washington Monument now stands, as well as on the White House lawn, Lincoln tested the accuracy of the Spencer gun. With his approval of it, the War Department ordered thousands of Spencers made.

April 2

Spent the day in New York City. Most important aspect of the trip was a visit to Cooper Union. Everyone was most co-operative in helping me in my efforts to photograph the Great Hall. It was in this room that Lincoln made his famous Cooper Union Speech.

The podium and hall have remained practically unchanged since that night, when an address which in effect changed history was made. When the invitation to speak was first extended, this picturesque character of the famed Lincoln-Douglas debates was asked to lecture on a theme which would be nonpolitical. As the lecture date approached, it was decided, because of the nationwide stir created by the John Brown incident, that the talk should be political in content and concerned with fundamental principles. Lincoln rose

to the occasion by showing himself to be a man of dignity and well versed in the constitutional aspects of history. His appearance at Cooper Union did much to advance his position as a possible candidate for the Presidency of the United States.

Robert Lincoln sometimes claimed that he helped to make his father President. Mr. Lincoln was concerned about his son's scholastic failures. He accepted the invitation to speak in New York knowing that the trip east would give him an opportunity to visit Robert, who was at Phillips Exeter Academy in New Hampshire.

April 6

Received a letter from the personal secretary of Adlai Stevenson. One of the youngsters had brought in a book published in 1912 in which the author relates what he says is a new story about Lincoln as told by Adlai E. Stevenson. I was curious and wrote for information.

The secretary wrote that the Adlai E. Stevenson mentioned was Governor Stevenson's grandfather, who was Vice President during the Cleveland administration. He met Lincoln during his boyhood. Later he formed a partnership with a cousin, James S. Ewing, in Bloomington, Illinois, and practiced law in the same court where Lincoln had practiced.

Jesse W. Fell, Governor Stevenson's great-grandfather, was a close friend of Lincoln. It was at the request of Mr. Fell that Lincoln wrote his famous autobiography, the only one known to be in existence. When Lincoln sent the autobiography to Fell, he wrote a short letter in which he said that there was not much of the little sketch "for the reason, I suppose, that there is not much of me." Jesse Fell had the sketch widely circulated to acquaint the voters with the background of the candidate from Illinois. The original remained in the

Fell family for many years. It is now in the Library of Congress.

May 5

Went to see a presentation of *Our American Cousin* at Trenton State Teachers College, given as part of their one hundredth anniversary. My interest in it was in the fact that it was during this play that Lincoln was assassinated. It was interesting to try to determine the exact moment selected by Booth to commit his crime.

May 30

Even Memorial Day brought forth an incident concerning Lincoln. Some of the youngsters in my class had prepared for the town parade, a float representing Lincoln giving the Gettysburg Address. Their float showed that they had put forth considerable effort. Words from the address announced the theme; Lincoln was complete even to his wart. Following the parade, the young actors and actresses raced over to tell me that they had won a prize of ten dollars. By that time they had received the free refreshments that had been doled out to all participants in the parade. It was the first time I had witnessed a "Lincoln" enjoying a popsicle!

June 5

Late this afternoon I went to Washington's Crossing to meet Lillian Windham, who was hostess for a group of Indians from the Ganado Mission in Arizona. I had been invited to point out some of the spots of historical significance. My dis-

course was barely begun when the name of Lincoln crept inadvertently into my remarks, and one of the chaperons said that I had a friend in the group, for one of the Laguna Indian boys is also a Lincoln lover. The boy later told me the story of the silver-headed cane presented to the tribe by President Lincoln. The tribe was granted certain privileges by the Chief Executive, and its governor was given the cane as a token of friendship. Handed on to each succeeding governor, the cane has not only come to mean the authority of that official, but is also regarded as a symbol of American freedom.

July 25

Went again to Washington, D. C. Although permission to see the Lincoln Room in the White House had been denied, went through the rooms opened to the public. The White House had seemed to Mrs. Lincoln to be the greatest goal attainable. Yet it brought only misery and unhappiness, for here she was subjected to ridicule. Because some members of her Kentucky family fought with the Confederates, she was accused of aiding their cause. It was in this house she saw her husband grow haggard under the burdens of war. It was here she endured the death of her favorite son. It was to the sanctuary of this cheerless mansion that she returned after the tragedy at Ford's Theater.

Walked to 1651 Pennsylvania Avenue to see Blair House, which has been the scene of many social events, some having historical significance. Lincoln visited this home frequently. Montgomery Blair, who had inherited the house from his father, became Postmaster General in Lincoln's cabinet. At the insistence of President Lincoln, Blair talked to Robert E. Lee at a private dinner here about Lee's taking command of the Union forces.

No trip to the nation's Capital is complete for me without

a visit to the Lincoln Memorial. It would be impossible to count the number of times that I have gazed at this beautiful edifice. As I look at it, I think of how often Robert Lincoln sat for hours, watching its construction. What thoughts he must have had!

August 4

Spent day in Pennsylvania locating landmarks associated with the Lincoln family. Saw the Lincoln Homestead which was built in 1733 by Mordecai, great-great-grandfather of the sixteenth President. Mordecai worshiped at the Exeter Friends' Meetinghouse, and ancestors of Abraham Lincoln are buried in the cemetery plot nearby.

August 27

Once more the Travelers Three set out before dawn in a concerted effort to seek Lincoln lore. Stopped at the Fort Lincoln Cemetery on the Bladensburg Road on the Maryland-District of Columbia line. We were impressed by the beauty of the grounds and could readily understand why this spot, set upon the crest of rolling hills, was selected for the construction of fortifications to protect the city of Washington against Confederate attack. One of these earthworks still exists. Nearby is a bronze statue of the seated figure of the war-weary Lincoln. The old oak tree near the spring has been named the "Lincoln Oak," for here, under its spreading branches, the Emancipator is said to have sat while consulting with military leaders and commanding officers of the fort. During such conferences, he doubtless refreshed himself with the cool spring water. At the close of the war, the Commander in Chief reviewed returning troops here.

Spent some time in Falmouth. The Army of the Potomac

camped here from November, 1862, to June, 1863. In April the President, with Mrs. Lincoln and Tad, visited General Hooker, who was then in command. The Presidential party landed at Aquia Creek, whose waterfront was a mass of transports and freight cars involved in transporting supplies to the Army. A freight car was fitted with rough benches, and thus the Lincoln party rode to Falmouth Station, where two ambulances met the visitors and took them to Hooker's headquarters in Falmouth.

The reviews that were held delighted no one more than Tad. Mounted on a gentle horse, and in the care of an orderly, the little boy followed the President and the reviewing party. One of the members of Lincoln's party commented later that he noticed that the President touched his hat to return the salute of the officers, but removed his hat to the men in the ranks.

August 28

Following breakfast in Fredericksburg, one of our favorite towns, we went to Brompton, set high on a hillside above the Sunken Road which played such an important role in the battle of Fredericksburg. This beautiful plantation house is now owned by Mary Washington College, and is the home of the chancellor of the college and his wife. We approached to ask permission to take a picture. The chancellor's wife greeted us with such hospitality that our hesitancy disappeared. She not only granted our request but invited us to see the interior of the home.

Brompton was used as headquarters by Confederate officers during the furious fighting that occurred in this area. There are many people who maintain that General Lee also used it for this purpose. From Brompton, high above the town, one looks across the Rappahannock River to Chatham. Fredericksburg still tells the legend concerning this venerable

estate. According to local stories, General Lee was urged to train his battery fire on Chatham, which was held by the Federal forces. Memories flashed into Lee's mind. In those gardens across the river he had sat with the girl he was to marry. What happiness he had known at Chatham! He could not bring himself to order his guns to destroy the old estate. And who was at Chatham then? Tradition says that Abraham Lincoln was. How history might have been altered, had it not been for the sentiments of the gallant Lee!



(Continued from front flap)

the War Between the States; Lincoln as a visitor to Farmington, the Jefferson-designed home of his friends, the Speeds, in Kentucky; or Lincoln making the Cooper Union Speech, in the Great Hall—the drama moves with warm authenticity.

There are simpler scenes: rural Knob Creek, and the Kentucky cabin near Hodgenville now known as the traditional birthplace; the re-created New Salem, Illinois, which the young Lincoln knew as a pioneer village; a glimpse of the wartime President visiting with soldiers on Antietam's battleground; towering over his escort into silenced Richmond; lying at death's door in the Petersen House opposite Ford's Theater.

The quick appeal of Lincoln's name is proven by the interest which the author's quest arouses in everyone she meets—from chance cab drivers to distinguished Lincoln authorities. She offers a fascinating array of Lincolniana . . . photographs of historic places . . . and an enthusiasm which you will find truly contagious.

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LINCOLN HOME IN SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS

About the Author

Margaret J. O'Connell, of Pennington, New Jersey, numbers historical research, photography, and visiting places of historical significance among her hobbies. All of these avocations are delightfully reflected in *LINCOLN LIVES* which she describes as an informal collection of excerpts from the pages of the journal of a student of Lincoln.

Miss O'Connell is not only a student—she is a teacher and a writer of school plays and pageants. She was president of the Hopewell Township Education Association for four years; conducted a course for teachers on the history of New Jersey at Trenton State Teachers College (from which she received her own B.S. in Education and her Master's degree); and has had articles published in the *New Jersey Education Association Journal* and the *Bulletin* of the Elementary Principals' Association of New Jersey.

Miss O'Connell, who has been both an elementary-school teacher and a principal, is a member of the Pennington Parent-Teacher Association; the Kleio Club in Pennington; the Mercer County and New Jersey Education Associations; the Trenton Historical Society; the American Association for State and Local History; and the National Education Association.